THE CRAFTING OF DOZENOH

THE MOVEMENTS

EGGS

series B

cover and typo & the poet 1980.

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Stephen Morrissey

THE SECRET MEANING OF THE ALPHABET

to operate
on the letter
A or Z & discover
something changing
& becoming
the rain running
down the window panes
or the cat
sleeping on the couch
a poetics of
life & something
that will encompass
what hasn't
already happened
I come to
write these
words & discover
the old responses of
thoughts & ideas
will this life
this poetry be only
only a modification
of the old to
run through the
roads surrounded
by corn & horses
the sky is the
home of a single
bat who is afraid
of rainbows who wants
only to be anonymous
to feed his baby bats
to enjoy the occasional
mouse or mole
as our cats enjoy
their catch I
want to cut
the alphabet open
& turn out
its secret
letters & meanings
if there is
anything there
let it come out
with its hands
up in the overcast
sky I will stand

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Morrissey / 2
on my head
& shake the
words out of
my eyes & ears
out of every pore
from the top of
my head to my feet
I am sick to death
of these old poems
that have nothing
to say but wear blank
expressions oh
go stick your
black tongues back
into that hole
in your face close
those glazed eyes
& sickly complexions
of sealtest natural ice cream
candy bars & coca ~~
cola there is more
to poetry than life
let me say this for
one time only
without poetry
language is a non-
sequiter in the development
of the human race
without poetry
the tongue is a
vestigial organ
an appendage
like your little
toe this
is the society
we live in the
assembly of words
we use that
border on the
meaningless the
relationships that

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Morrissey / 3
are many bodies
rubbing against each other
only the
friction holds
us together

oct 5/79.

we sit in the small raft
the night has become

it is 2AM & the high
seas are calm no

ocean liners or titanics

sinking against icebergs
of the north atlantic we

have no bermuda
triangles this far

north & the captain
of this raft stands

in the bow
& pretends he sees

a lighthouse or a candle
that has just

been blown out oh
blow us away

out to sea he thinks
aloud we want

only to float through
this night

guided by
the rhythmic lapping

of the waves
against the rubber sides

of this raft

june 17/79.

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KEN NORRIS

A GREETING TO ALL MY COMPATRIOTS IN MANY PLACES

So the mouse is back
& here we go again
running up the clocks of poetry.

THE CASE

I waited long into the night for you to call me,
played detective with the stars trying to solve
the greater mystery while you danced off
somewhere in the distance, mysterious as always.
There is a man with a key, & there is
the man who locks you out of doors.
I wander through the night in my trenchcoat
trying to stop thinking about a taste of you,
the desire for it that makes all good guys turn bad.

Sleep solves the case as always, & dream,
well dream gives us reasons
to kill & lie & cheat, dream leads
to a life of crime & you lead me
out and away from all the integrities
until I too begin chasing falcons & start forgetting
about bodies buried deep in lakes.
I begin to want to trade it all
for one night spent lying beside you.

The things I always wanted
I don't want anymore. You,
I don't even want you.

All I want is my life back
& a way to live it.

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KEN NORRIS

POEM FOR THE 1970's

Ten years of despair and being held over the candle flames,
ten years of getting older and seeing myself
getting none of the things I want. Oh,
it's hard to curse a decade
but of the ones I have known
you're the one I'm happiest to see go.

The fifties contained my youth, early gropings
for clarity while being bathed in light,
little went wrong to me even although
all around me my entire family went crazy.
But the fifties held me in its arms
much in the way my mother did on that night I'll always remember,
I was only a baby but got my first glimpse
of the moon looking out a car window,
a car headed somewhere I suppose,
driving us into the future.

The early sixties brought pain but the late 60's
paid me back with drugs & countless dreams of loveliness,
dreams that were so real they walked right up to you
and shook your hand. Everything happened to me
for the first time in the sixties: first hard-on,
first masturbatory experience, first date, first kiss,
& how I want to linger on the hand-holding stage,
the countless firsts of adolescent courtship
before passing onto the uneasy crassness of
'first got laid'. First dreamed of being
anything at all other than what was placed in front of me.
Other firsts: assasinations, peace marches, joints,
pills, light shows, rock concerts, trips, clothes
buying expeditions, California, Woodstock, guitars, all
the undying archetypes of first experiences.
And oh how the Beatles pulled me out of the trauma
of those early sixties years, saw me through
all those firsts and held precedence,
the first hearing of every album
being almost a religious experience.
The sixties was my golden age,
everything I love runs back to those years
& it was in those times that everything I saw & felt
had clear light clarity.

The seventies began with me chasing her ass
& here I am ten years later wondering if
she'll ever call, still chasing her ass & it being
ever allusive & often all I can see in front of me.
She bridges the years but is, by no means, those years
although she is there at the beginning, middle & end.
But love is the issue of these years

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& the music dying, my youth fading away
like something insignificant
to be replaced by a chain of days
that always bespeak responsibilities,
responsibilities & learning to compromise,
hard reality hitting home and breaking my spirit
over its knee. In the 70's the firsts ended,
and the countless futile repetitions began,
the need to fuck over & over again
or do anything over & over again
because once is not enough & each repetition
fails to satisfy. So I love & fuck & sing
the same songs over & over & over
and behind it all the falling notes of death
thunder to the ground in discord with my life,
building to a crescendo until I feel
I'm sinking into a murky bed of dissonance
with all my life trailing after me
like the tail of a kite as it falls
out of the sky into the hopeless tangle of treetops.

So why wouldn't I want to see the 70's disappear
taking its conflict & its disco & its everpresent selfishness
off into the eternity of discarded years.
Oh there's been love, but there's also been
the failing of love, I've seen
everything fade & die before me,
this decade of my life showing
how it's all fated to end & subjecting me to
a thousand painful, unbearable endings
that are only prelude to that final ending
that's coming I don't know how many decades away.

Pencil thin odes
& life blazing in at the windows,
how I have misunderstood my life!
Ropes tied to ladders
strengthen them against all that power of gravity
& even spider webs
sustain in the wind.
All the events of all my days
are hung out drying like wash on a line,
the dresses & the slips, the lacy intentions
and blue everydays,
and there is a breeze coursing
through the air like a fidgety bird
somehow discovering, at last, the smoothness of flight.

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KEN NORRIS

My friends & I are riding buses,
moving through time. As we travel we talk
of poets we've read, chance encounters
with everyone we meet, but mostly we talk
about the ways we lace together.
All this serves as springboard to our lines
which we write then show to one another.
Some days I curse my friends
for their distance, for the times I feel
they're ignoring me in pursuit of love & stability,
out in the world they are after
what they believe will sustain them.
Yet there are the nights we fall together by chance,
recognize the ties, reaffirm the bonds
that run between us like train lines
run between cities; we joy in each others lives,
the way they are developing, the way we rise & fall
through the triumphs & sadnesses of living
& we applaud the successful articulations
of each condition, and in odd moments
notice that we've gotten older since last
such a thought occurred to us.

The world is too much cheesecake
and not enough grain, there's not enough heather
to go around. Believe me when I say
that the world is dying again,
going through another one of those contractions
that come every thousand years
before something new can be born.
I turn on the faucet
and no water comes out, I go to the window
and the stars look away, I walk down
an endless line of railyard track
and not even one train comes by
to chase me from walking the rails
far off into the distance
as behind me the sun's going down.

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THUS SPOKE TZARATHUSTRA

Not in my right mind, that is to say, poetically,
I awoke today fromm a dream of thirty-three years.

I was hungry, but I was not fed; I loved
but I was not loved. I was prey to the rich, scorned
by the poor, what I built was destroyed;
what I tore down was resurrected.
I found my soul in the darkness when my spirit fled.
I repented but was never forgiven. I prayed
but only an echo returned to me.
My heart stopped beating but I did not die.

Windshield wipers sway and dance while pistons of war collide,
rattling like a one-armed bandit in this pressure chamber of a world.

The road to the mountain passes the cemetery. You see,
you see, you see, goes the needle xat the end
of the record. I lie (I lie) sideways on the bed,
my hands and feet hang over the edge,
as orgasms of childhood materialize riding
white chargers across a blackboard
of a converted classroom.

I am no longer naked as the day I was born. Friends,
strangers, Canadians! Lend me your eyes! Let me see
the wonders of our cities, rivers, lakes and mountains free.
Let me see our poor and covered band
leaning out of second-story windows calling
Willie! Willie! the neighborhood dog.

German tanks and British warships
roll and weave across the screen.

There has been a misunderstanding. Notions
of propriety, decency, all that is upstanding and right,
generous, pleasant giddy-ups of good have invaded my little
world. I came here not well, parading a tired lion
in the streets of the capital. We have been playinga charade
of no consequence, Empires Are Falling:
the terrier chases
the fox in the hole,
the leopard leaps
from the tree.

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This domestic scorpion, Time,
has poisoned me. The telephone
apologizes, dies.

I will change, I will change,
I will whip the new left with traditional chains. What
could be worse than not being listed
in the Canadian Book Of New Penguin Verse?
I will rhyme, nor neglect the solitude of wax heroes,
serve Pan and the insects, I will question
every natural event, beasts propagating
(allegorizing my lustyadventures)
sanguine stanzas, humourous wit will flow from the electric
current of my typewriter. Commas,
apostrophies will forever be banned,
that's it, I shall write poor...pure...poems. Roman
~~numerals~~ numerals will head each new page,
they give poems such 'class'.

~~I~~ I brace myself for one more leap,
then out I fly in the twisting air
somersaulting silent clouds,
screaming below Doo-Da! Doo-Da!

Thus spoke Tzarathustra.

Tom Konyves

EX PERIMETER

Which whatever moves my heart clockwise
minute by minute, word by word worldwise
to create in other words other words
with other meanings, other worlds

Tom Konyves

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dear friends
it is good to greet you in the mouse
consider this my holy day best wishes to all of you (as if everyday isn't holy) with whom I have shared time & space & poems. We've made memory memorable, and may we continue to it is good to have friends near and far; this way our words embrace the planet. it is our job & through the truths of the poem we balm its wounds, mmmm we've got druid blood.

we are entering a new decade, does a number change mean a new slate? what's the magick numerology of infinity in the palm of your hand? the seventies, as public years were pretty dismal, but we seven not only survived it but flourished. we took chances, and may we continue to.

a toast, "to the mousketeers of the 80s ; apart, together, in our solitudes, in our life) may we continue to be"

"Poetry Fetter'd Fetters the Human Race. Nations are Destroy'd
or Flourish in proportion as Their Poetry, Painting and Music
are Destroy'd or Flourish! The Primeval State of Man was Wisdom
Art and Science"

William Blake, 1804

For C.W.

The bus is public land
This is too often forgotten
and is now in usurious hands
which threaten, like some Oil-Can-Harry,
eviction if we don't shut-up and behave like thankful tenants

The bus is public land!
Our poems dare say so
and are guerillas among us
reminding us of purer truths then mouthwash
reminding us of consciousness that is us
reminding us of love that is not on or for sale
reminding us of worlds that is ours
reminding us never to forget

Endre Farkas
dec 16/79

Knock Knock

The police of silence don't wear uniforms
They wear an Ad-man's smile
a smile that garrotes your words
before you can give them as gifts
before you can make them public

It doesn't matter in what language they censor
what does is that they do
and what does
is that they don't!

Endre Farkas
nov 12/79

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It all means something

The bus is a vehicule of public transport
The bus is the vehicule of all of us taking us from the mundane
to a rendez-vous with the sacred;
The world, all aboard, at rush hour- the honest sweat of labour
sitting/standing/jostling/silent/babeling in every tongue
going home
The world, all aboard, as the last passenger of the night
sitting at the back in the too brilliant brightness;
the smiles on the ads showing fatigue, the floor
transfer littered
the bus terminus bound

Endre Farkas
dec 16/79

I love you;
as a way to start the poem
always in the middle of coming
I am
with the urgency of the everyday,
with its constant changes of accent, figure:
from every walk of life
come together on restaurant stools
next to each other
to share in sacred rituals

I love you;
in the middle of the night
as the night-shift hotel clerk,
who knows the beauty of chances,
who will only sign in your real name;
the one we all answer to

I love you;
as a close relative of the world by birth
by making, by death: in revolution
constantly

I love you
the song goes 24 hrs a day to a simple beat
repeated

patterns; the variations are one more than many
and are drummed across the world;
the beat as the message & runner

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I love you
as a stranger to that place:
(love that is) ignorant of its lenguage/
passing through; as through initiation
and learn to touch the moment's violence
and call familiar names with new voices
and remind that we always part

I love you
as is:
in this saint crazy labgrynth that weaves
through alleys where all secretes are heaped
where sheds await gasoline & match
where your new gardon is
next to the cemetary
next to main streets; and the mountain,
encased by tombs and gray breath,
still is sanctuary to those who embrace new history

I love you;
as madmen their state

we have no choice
because everyday insists like an alarm clock
Like an alarm clock,
it says there is a job to go to:
it begins again in the middle of things
always in the middle of others,
and again orbit;
as madmen, at the tip of the island,
stroll among the rush
stare through windows
and in each one
see a naked man playing violin

Endre Farkas
dec 6/79

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i flew in bluest skirt swirls

it was the action of some grace
that i received indream,
some grace in form of fluid blue
that swirled itself into skirt of
pleats that gave me lightness to swim in air
and dance and laugh -- a smooth dance came
when i put on that airy skirt that was more cloud
or blue river ribs than fabric woven and
my dance was limbless and without strain
and there was no stopping it

it was the action
of some grace
that indream i received

cel

dec 79

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indream and just before
all is luminous, as it should be
green leaf energy comes from your hand
i wear a crimson robe with blue disk
the colored fowl by the woods speak to me
advice is freely given and truly
i have in eye dark many-faceted jewels
but day comes and all slides away,
leaving sense of loss, sense of weakness

oct 79

HAIKU

with full heart
i shake white feathers
from the blanket
into the snow

dec 79

cel

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if i can just make it to the end of the hem
to the center of the pond where clouds lie
to the end of the phone call, to the hen house
if i can only make it to the edge of summer
maybe i can just make it back to bed
back to my center back to you
if i can only make it thru the gate
of my new life

aug 79

it doesnt matter --
hens arent happy
cats in the compost
fire wont burn
beer bottle explodes
my indigo ink SPREADS across the tablecloth
my typewriter's in Montreal
the envelopes wont seal --
all this matter?

sept 79

Cel

Shoot! i do miss you-all!

in jan. 1980

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Preface: FRENCH LETTERS

To be printed with apologies
By John McAuley

'Il n'y a si bonne compagnie qui ne se quitte.'

Sirrah,

I could call you many names. Slimy, vile names that taste of shit; names written in your mother's juices; names poisonous enough to kill a viper. Once you read my books with trembling hands, skimming my philosophy for the sting of tortuous orgasms. Did I not provide you with the depravity of forbidden fruit? My reward has been thoughtless neglect and outright exclusion. Justine and Juliette are angry with you, they never liked men to turn their backs on the marquis (unless in submission to penetration or punishment). You pitiful offspring of a Huguenot emigré, you excite my whip.

Those of us in the Lower Realm are much closer to earthly concerns than you might think. I demand you print this letter as a preface to remedy the injury suffered by me, in this hurtful place. Here, Hatred is the name of our Muse. Remember, ingrate, my ancestor Count Hugues de Sade married the immortal Laura of Petrarch's 'Sonnets', so I have claim to the blood of the likes of you.

In no way did my life or death make me a monster, but it is a monstrous wrong you have done to me, considering that morals are the actresses, dancers and stage extras of every era. Never forget the time I spent jailed among idiots and epileptics was the price I had to pay for my books.

Louis Aldonse Donatien de Sade.

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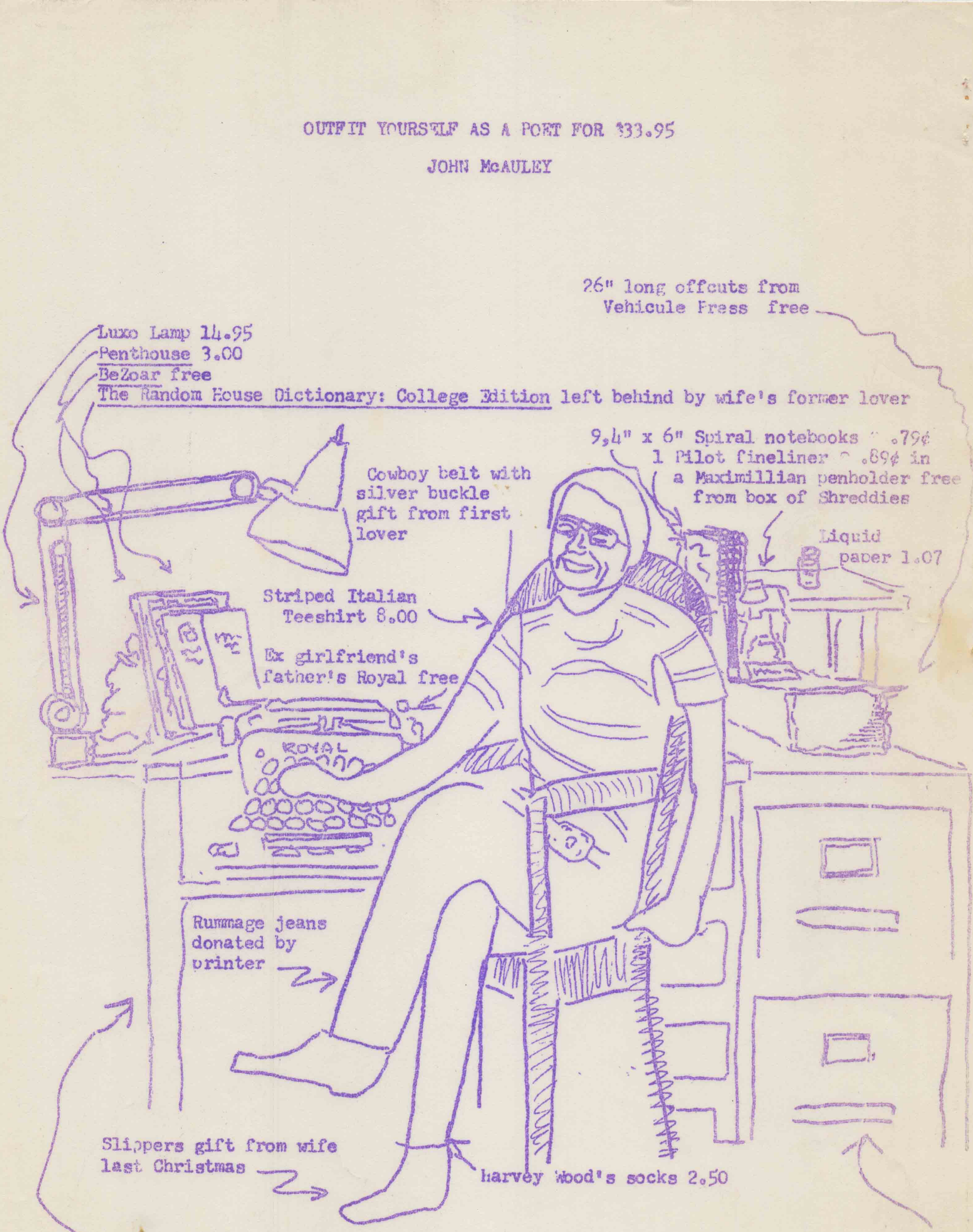
OUTFIT YOURSELF AS A POET FOR $33.95

JOHN McAULEY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ROYAL
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Walnut broker style desk & Freedonia 2 drawer file cabinet 1948 contemporary style given to poet as payment for moving old man's office

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